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Paradisi Gloria.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING A SERMON BY

REV. DR. PUTNAM.

BY T. W. F.

"O frate mio! ciascuna e cittadina
D'una vera città—"

There is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery forevermore.

In that pure city of the living Lamb,
No light shall shine of candle or of sun,
Or any star; but He who said, "I Am,"
Shall be the Lamp—he and his Holy One.

Nor shall we longer spend our gift of time
In time's poor pleasures—doing needful things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs,

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
The saints and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,
Musical motion, the perpetual play
Of every faculty that heaven bestows,
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.
—Christian Inquirer.

Translated for this Journal.

Mozart's Masses.

(Continued from page 225).

B. BEAUTIFUL STYLE.

b. Missæ Solemnæ.

MASS NO. X. (Comp. 1776)?



This, together with No. II. and No. XI, is one of the most favorite Masses and one of the most in vogue. It owes this distinction to its uncommonly pregnant forms and to that plastic dramatic quality, which, already here and there observable, for instance in the *Benedictus* of Mass No. VII, develops itself more and more prominently in Mozart's subsequent compositions of this kind.

Yet it is unmistakable, that, just in proportion as these creations gain in animation and artistic interest, you begin more or less to miss that breath of real piety, which was an unquestionable excellence of his earlier Masses, with all the stiffness of their antique forms.

An uncommon fire animates the *Kyrie* now before us, which is introduced by an imposing cadence; a fire almost rising to an impassioned glow in the *Gloria*; effects, for the production of which passages and sequences occur in the instrumental accompaniment, reminding one only too clearly of Symphony and Opera.

Already the ecclesiastical and worldly spheres border upon one another here in a neighborly

and friendly way. This is evident in such passages as "*Et in terrâ pax*" of the *Gloria*, or the "*Miserere*" of the *Agnus*, the first of which is found note for note in the last movement of the well-known piano Quintet,—the second in the Andante of the "Jupiter" Symphony. The "*Domine Deus*," too, which bears quite the character of a little dramatic Trio, occasionally interrupted by a chorus, might without difficulty be transferred to an opera.

We have already, in speaking of the *Credo* of the Mass in F, remarked how Mozart, by the periodical repetition of the words "*Credo, Credo*," has lent a deeper poetic sense at the same time to that ingeniously wrought piece of music. The same thing is found in this Mass, only in a far more pregnant manner. One part of the Christian congregation utter the confession of faith; the other interrupts it from time to time by the exclamation: "yes, I believe, I believe!" Exclamations, which are variously accented by the composer, according as he wished to describe the individual gradations of belief: tranquil conviction, joyful emotion, slight shades of doubt, or that resolute enthusiasm which is ready to die for its faith.*

Unfortunately this *Credo* is almost never sung with this understanding; but for the most part it is conceived and rendered with a piquant mannerism, as if it were a sort of musical joke:—almost as bad a fate as it experienced at the hands of a Leipzig publisher, who in his edition struck out the four above-named characteristic notes wherever they occurred.†

The inspiring but short *Sanctus* of this Mass awakens a regret, that just this portion of the Mass service, which by its sublimity seems better fitted than any other to prompt gifted composers to a loftier flight, had traditionally always to be kept concise and short, in order not to detain the priestly function in its progress.

The same endeavor of Mozart to lend to every number a distinct individual character and dramatic form, which moved him in the *Incarnatus* to render the mysterious night of the nativity by a dreamily soft *Siciliana* (6-8 time), also led him to conceive the *Benedictus* this time as a cheerful Idyl. What saves it from becoming too secular is, that he has assigned the melody, than which nothing could be nobler and more soulful, to the voice parts, and the embellishments almost exclusively to the stringed instruments, by which they fall more into the background.

* This description does not at all agree with the *Credo* given in Novello's edition of this Mass.—Ed.

† This has given occasion to strange scenes. In N. . . some years ago the new village church was to be consecrated, and this "*Credo* Mass," so called, was to be performed. Musicians of the two towns N. and B. were invited, who brought with them their parts, one set having the mutilated, the other the genuine *Credo*. At the beginning all went well and to the edification of the congregation; but in the *Credo* the mischief broke loose; nothing was in tune, nothing went together, it was regular cat music; scolding and stamping of feet soon became audible; the enraged musicians fell upon each other with hard words. A comparison of the single parts, however, soon explained the trouble.

From the spirit of a Mass so obviously striving after outward effect, we should naturally expect a very pathetic *Agnus*; and in fact it rivals that in No. IX, without reaching it, in spite of its stronger instrumentation, while it is weakened by a *Miserere* altogether too effeminate.

It was a great mistake, essentially impairing the total effect of this genial and clever Mass, that Mozart carried this *Miserere*, half suggestive as it was of a dance motive, over into the *Dona* as a theme, and with a quicker tempo too; so that all church-like impression was necessarily lost, in spite of his seeking to quicken it with passages which aim at loud solemnity.

The secret ground of his mistake in this and the following Masses evidently lay in the fact, that he sought to combine the then customary drumming and trumpeting of the people out at the close of the festival Mass, with the touching, pious idea, which lies originally at the foundation of the *Dona* text. Joseph Haydn, who was equally at home in solemn pomp and splendor of musical coloring, and in the broad portrayal of religious feelings, solved this double problem for the most part successfully; Mozart failed more or less in it every time in the solemn Masses of this period.

MASS NO. XI. (Comp. 1779).



In considering this Mass we cannot overlook its date of composition. It was written in the year 1779, a good while before "*Idomeneo*" and Mozart's properly classical period; and yet the *Kyrie* of this Mass stands already at a level which he only reached at long intervals in his operas, almost at the end of his career. Indeed such a peculiar charm of lofty gentleness and quiet dignity is breathed over this *Kyrie*, together with the noblest simplicity, that one is involuntarily reminded of the choruses of priests and other kindred passages in the "*Zauberflöte*." Also the conclusion of the short but incomparable number, where single motives of the string and wind instruments sound out once more in the last two bars, and then softly float away as in a breath of air, reminds us of kindred things from the period of his full bloom and mastery.

The *Gloria* is very interesting in another respect. The text of this number, we know, contains in detached sentences, now praise and glorification of God, now crushed humiliation and remorse, now triumphant jubilation, now childlike supplication, and thus almost insurmountable obstacles to any unity of conception. Joseph Haydn and others in their solemn Masses obviated the difficulty by following the example of the old Italians and dividing the *Gloria* into several independent pieces, giving to each its fitting character. Mozart makes here the difficult attempt, to reconcile the musical unity of the whole with the special accent that befits each

single text. Accordingly he had to choose such ideas, as should be exceedingly unlike as regards the expression of feeling, and yet so capable of combination and of being systematically intertwined, that at every periodical recurrence, according to musical laws, they should fall on words corresponding to their character. In this way one may explain to himself the inner structure of this composition; and still he will not quite be able to comprehend how it is that this so musical *Gloria*, judging by its total impression both on ear and mind, seems a complete and rounded whole.

This advanced art, which already knows what it wants to do and can do, even if its designs appear like accidents, is also manifested in the *Credo*. Quite unlike what goes before, to express the various shades of belief, here the voice parts, reciting the confession of faith in rock-firm conviction, now in Choral, now in vigorous imitations, move on in a compact mass; and for such a *Credo* Mozart has purposely chosen the most fiery, most figurative of figurative accompaniments; yet all this seems to have come out at one cast with the voice parts, since these innumerable eddies, rising and sinking incessantly, always fall as if by calculation on corresponding passages of text, which they are designed more or less to mark.

This mighty flood of tones is suddenly dammed up, as by the shutting of a sluice, in the *Incarnatus*, and only single broken chords of the violins still trickle down in soft cascades. By this *finesse* Mozart gained doubly: first, an excellent accompaniment for the *Incarnatus* and *Crucifixus* text, and then a means of bridging over the passage to the resumption of the violin whirl in the *Resurrexit*, so as to make it less abrupt.

The *Benedictus* again is quite upon the same height with the *Kyrie*. If the Allegretto is kept in the church tempo, as at Mozart's time, the slowly advancing tones, as if in transfigured bliss, of the first theme, the somewhat more animated tones of the second, bearing in them a slight shade of a solemn march; the unexpected entrance of the bold, lighting-like *Hosanna*, followed anew by the holy *Benedictus*, produce an extraordinary impression. It is capable of explanation also, how the *Hosanna* this time came to be in the middle of the *Benedictus*. Mozart, in his striving after simplicity and clearness, so remarkable everywhere in this Mass, as well as after unity and rounding of all parts, had chosen only two admirable themes for the *Benedictus*; he had already twice presented them to the ear; to have done it three times in succession would have been to cast a shadow of monotony over the whole latter half of the Mass, inasmuch as the *Agnus* was kept monotonous on purpose. So he purposely introduced the *Hosanna* into the *Benedictus*; and thus by the divine repose of the one and the lightning fire of the other gained an exceedingly effective contrast; at the same time, by the blending of such apparently heterogeneous parts, he gained a harmonic rounding and unity of the whole piece.

We have seen before, in the *Benedictus* of Mass No. IX, how Mozart, fearing no satiety from this monotony, purposely reproduces several times a theme which comes home to the heart, without varying it by larger interludes or ornaments. So too in the present *Agnus* he has the courage to present the principal theme four times

in succession—once by way of prelude in the violin, three times in the soprano voice, without setting it off even the fourth time with more than a few modest ornaments. He built with reason on the irresistible beauty of the simple and touchingly mournful melody, which was always regarded as a chief ornament of this widely known and favorite work.* But in spite of such unmistakable excellences, there is in this solo, so strongly contrasted with the other numbers, a slight trace of ostentation and coquetry, which stands out in the most glaring manner in the Mass which follows.

After Mozart has taken the *Kyrie*, beginning from the seventh measure, as a theme for the *Dona nobis*, it almost seems at first as if he meant to return to that altogether; and if he had really done so, if he had merely written "*Da Capo ut Kyrie*," the admirable work would have found a conclusion worthy of it, at all events a better one than he was pleased to give to it.

(To be continued.)

* Yet this Mass does not appear in Novello's collection.—Ed.

A Draught for the Particular History of Phonics; or, the Doctrine of Sound and Hearing.

(From LORD BACON'S "Sylva Sylvarum.")

Continued from page 204

SECTION III.

THE MAGNITUDE, SMALLNESS, AND DAMPS OF SOUNDS.

Let one person whistle at one end of a shooting trunk, whilst another holds his ear at the other end; and the sound will strike the ear so sharp as to be scarce tolerable: for sound naturally diffuses in a sphere, and so spends itself; but if made to go in a canal, it must needs acquire greater force. And thus enclosures not only preserve, but also increase and sharpen sounds. A French-horn, being greater at one end than at the other, increases the sound more than if the horn were of an equal bore; for the air and sound, being first contracted at the lesser end, and afterwards having more room to spread at the greater, dilate themselves; and in coming out strike more air, whereby the sound is rendered larger and deeper. And even hunters' horns, which are commonly made straight, not oblique as the former, are always greater at the lower end. It should be tried also in pipes, made much larger at the lower end: or with a belly towards the end, and then issuing in a straight concave again.

There is in St. James's fields a conduit of brick, with a low vault adjoining; and at the end of that, a round house of stone: in the brick conduit is a window; and in the round house, a small slit; so that when a person hollows in the slit, it makes a fearful roaring at the window. For all concaves that proceed from narrow to broad, amplify the sound at coming out.

Hawks-bells, that have holes in the sides, give a greater ring, than if the pellet struck upon brass in the open air. For the sound enclosed by the sides of the bell, comes out at the holes unspent, and stronger. And in drums, the closeness round about, that preserves the sound from dispersing, makes the noise come out at the drum-holes, much louder and stronger, than if the like skin were struck, extended in the open air.

Sounds are heard better and farther in an evening, or in the night, than at noon, or in the day: because in the day, when the air is thinner, the sound pierces more; but when the air is thicker, as in the night, it spreads less: as being now in a degree of enclosure. It is true also, that the general silence of the night contributes to this effect.

There are two kinds of reflection in sound; the one at a distance, or the echo; wherein the original is heard distinctly, and the reflection also distinctly; the other in concurrence; when the sound reflecting near, returns immediately upon the original, and so repeats it not but amplifies. Whence music upon the water sounds sweeter; and better in chambers that are wainscotted, than such as are hung.

The strings of a lute, viol, or virginal, give a much greater sound, on account of the knot and concavity beneath, than if there were only a flat board without that hollow and knot, by which the upper air communicates with the lower. An Irish harp admits the open air on both sides of the strings; and its belly runs not along with the strings, but lies at the end of them. It makes a more resonant sound than the bandora, orpharion, or cittern; though these have wire-strings as well as that. The cause seems to be, that the open air on both sides helps where there is a concavity; which is therefore best placed at the end. A virginal, when the lid is down, makes a slenderer sound than when the lid is up: for all shutting in of air, where there is no competent vent, damps the sound.

There is a church at Gloucester (and I have heard the like of other places) where, if a person speaks softly against a wall, another shall hear his voice better at a considerable distance than near at hand: inquire more particularly of the structure of that place. I suspect there is some vault, or hollow, or isle, behind the wall; and some passage to it from the farther end of that wall, against which the person speaks; so that the voice slides along the wall, then enters at some passage, and communicates with the air of the hollow; for it is somewhat preserved by the plain wall; but that is too weak to give an audible sound, till it has communicated with the back air.

Place the horn of the bow near your ear. then touch the string, and the sound will be increased to a degree of tone: the sensory, in this case, by reason of the near approach, being struck before the air disperses. The like happens, if the horn be held betwixt the teeth: but this is a plain propagation of the sound from the teeth to the organ of hearing; for there is a great intercourse between these two parts; as appears from hence, that a harsh, grating tune sets the teeth on edge. The same thing happens if the horn of the bow be applied to the temples: the sound thus sliding from hence to the ear. If a rod of iron, or brass, be held with one end to the ear, and the other be struck upon, it makes a much greater sound than the same stroke upon the rod, when not so contiguous to the ear. By which, and other instances, it should seem that sounds do not only slide upon the surface of a smooth body; but also communicate with the spirits in the pores of the body.

In Trinity College, Cambridge, there was an upper chamber, weak in the roof, and therefore supported by an iron prop, as thick as a man's wrist, placed in the middle of the chamber: which iron, if struck, would make only a little flat noise in the room; but a great bomb in the chamber below. The sound made by buckets in a well, when they strike against the sides, or plunge into the water, &c., are deeper and fuller than if the like percussion were made in the open air: on account of the confinement and enclosure of the air in the concave of the well. So empty barrels placed in a room under a chamber, make all the sounds in the chamber more full and resounding. Hence there are five general ways of increasing sounds—viz., 1. Simple enclosure; 2. Enclosure with dilatation; 3. Communication; 4. Approach to the sensory; and 5. Concurrent reflection.

With regard to exility of sounds; it is certain the voice passes through solid and hard bodies, if they be not too thick; and again, through water: but then the voice is, by such a passage, reduced to a great exility. Thus, if the holes of a hawk's bell be stopped, it will not ring, but rattle like the eagle stone, which contains another stone within it. And as for water; take a pail, turn the bottom up ward, and carry the mouth of

it down to the level of the water; plunge it six inches deep, still keeping it even, that it may not tilt on either side, and so get the air out: then let a person dive so far under water, as to put his head into the pail; and there will come out as much air in bubbles as to make room for his head. Now let him speak, and his voice will be heard plainly, though now made extremely sharp, like the mock-voice of puppets; yet the articulate sounds of the words will not be confounded. It may be more commodious to put the pail over a man's head above water; then, he sinking down, to press the pail down with him, so that by kneeling or sitting, he may be lower than the water.

In lutes, and stringed instruments, if you stop a string high, whereby it has less scope to tremble, the sound is more treble, but more dead. Take two saucers, and strike the edge of the one against the bottom of the other, within a pail of water; and as you put the saucers lower and lower, the sound will grow flatter, even while part of the saucer is above the water; but that flatness of sound is joined with a harshness, caused by its inequality, as coming from the parts of the saucer that are under the water. But when the saucer is wholly under the water, the sound becomes clearer, though much lower; as if it came from afar.

Soft bodies damp sound much more than hard ones. Thus, if a bell be wrapped round with cloth or silk, it deadens the sound more than if the bell were surrounded with wood. Trial was made in a recorder, and varied several ways: the bottom of it was stopped—1, with wax; 2, set against the palm of the hand; 3, against a damask cushion; 4, placed in sand; 5, placed in ashes; and 6, set half an inch deep in water, close to the bottom of a silver bason; and still the tone remained: but when the bottom of it was set against—1, a woollen carpet; 2, a plush lining; 3, a lock of wool, though loose; and 4, against snow, the sound of it was quite deadened, and no more than a breath.

Hot iron produces not so good a sound as cold; for, while hot, it appears to be more soft, and less resounding. So likewise, warm water in falling makes not so full a sound as cold; being, I conceive, softer, and nearer the nature of oil; for it is more slippery, and scours better.

Let a recorder be made with two fipples, at each end one; the trunk as long as two recorders, and the holes answerable towards each end: let two persons play the same lesson upon it in unison; and observe whether the sound be confounded, or augmented, or deadened. So likewise, let a cross be made of two hollow trunks, and let two persons speak, or sing—the one lengthwise, the other transverse; and let there be two hearers at the opposite ends, to observe whether the sound be confounded, augmented, or deadened. These two instances will also give light to the mixture of sounds.

Bellows being blown in at the hole of a drum, whilst the drum beats, makes it sound a little flatter, without any other apparent alteration. The cause is, that the bellows in part prevent the issuing of the sound, and in part also make the air less moveable.

SECTION IV.

OF THE LOUDNESS OR SOFTNESS OF SOUNDS, AND THEIR PROPAGATION TO LONGER OR SHORTER DISTANCES.

The loudness and softness of sounds is a thing distinct from their magnitude and exility; for a bass string, though gently struck, gives the greater sound; but a treble string, if hard struck, will be heard much farther; because the bass string strikes more air, and the treble less, but sharper. The strength of percussion is, therefore, a principal cause of the loudness and softness of sounds; as in knocking harder or softer, winding a horn stronger or weaker, &c. And the strength of this percussion consists as much in the hardness of the body struck, as in the force of the striking body; for if you strike cloth, it gives a less sound; if with the same force, wood a greater; if metal, a still greater. And, in metals, gold gives the flatter sound; and silver,

or brass, the more ringing sound. But air, where strongly confined, resembles a hard body; whence the loud noise in discharging a cannon. We find also, that a charge, whether with bullet, or paper, wet and hard stopped, or with powder alone, rammed hard, makes no great difference in the loudness of the report.

The sharpness or quickness of the percussion is a great cause of the loudness, as well as the strength. So if you strike the air with a whip, or a wand, the sharper and quicker it is done, the louder sound it makes. And in playing upon the lute, or virginal, the quick touch adds great life to the sound; the quick stroke cutting the air suddenly; whilst the softer one rather beats than cuts it.

SECTION V.

ON THE COMMUNICATION OF SOUNDS.

An apt experiment for demonstrating the communication of sounds, is the chiming of bells; for if you strike with a hammer, first upon the upper part of the bell, then upon the middle, and lastly upon the lower part, you will find the sound to be more treble or more bass, according to the concavity on the inside, though the percussion be only on the outside.

When the sound in wind instruments is produced between the blast of the mouth and the air of the instrument, it has yet some communication with the matter of the sides of the instrument, and the spirits therein contained; for in a flute, or trumpet, of wood and another of brass, the sound will be different: so if the flute be covered with cloth or silk, it gives a different sound from what it would do of itself; and if the flute be a little wet on the inside, it will make a different sound from the same flute dry.

(To be Continued.)

Cherubini.

(Continued from page 227.)

If, on concluding this biographical sketch of a musician, who, like so many of his contemporaries in art, is more talked of and praised than known by the present generation, we add a few abstractions respecting his style, we do so for the purpose of declaring that we share the views enounced by Richl, in the second series of his *Musikalische Charakterköpfe* (Stuttgart, 1860, p. 90), when he says: "On the production of Cherubini's last opera (*Alf Baba*), people in France regretted that the old master came two hundred years too late, while German musicians glanced with a holy feeling of bashfulness into the finely written score, as though they had a presentiment that the creations of such a man as Cherubini would first be neglected as unfashionable, to rise up again at the expiration of a few years as unperishable works of art." This opinion is, truly, as yet nothing more than a wish, without any prospect for the present of its being fulfilled; still, during the last few years we have observed in Germany certain facts, calculated to inspire us with fresh hopes for its accomplishment. Among these facts we do not include simply the attempts to revive upon the stage certain of his operas, such as *Medea* and *Les Deux Journées*, which has, properly speaking, never been banished from the repertory; but we allude more especially to the remarkable circumstance that his overtures adorn more than ever the concert programmes of almost every place in Germany; and, furthermore, that in more important concert societies, and even at German musical festivals, portions of his sacred compositions are given, when those works are not actually played in their entirety. If the reader should be not possess the Paris scores, will look at old pianoforte arrangements of *Lodoiska* (Kühnel, Leipsic), *Faniska*, (A. S. Müller, Leipsic), *Medea* (Imbault, Paris), *Elisa* (in German, Brietkopf and Härtel), *Les deux Journées*, (Imbault, Paris), and the ballet of *Achilles at Scyros* (Kühnel, Leipsic), he will find an exhaustless mine of musical precious stones. And, then, what shall we say about the *Masses*!

In nothing that Cherubini wrote do we come across aught that is not noble, far less upon aught

that is low. The noblest feeling pervades his style. Mere sensual charm in his melodies he despises. The melodies frequently flow on in astonishing simplicity, but are mostly sustained by artistic harmonies, in the combinations of which he equals the greatest composers. The musical ideas and motives, moreover, are characterized by wonderful sharpness; nothing is vague or obscure; everything is clear, distinct, and firmly sketched in.

There can be no doubt, it is true, that Cherubini's services as the reformer of French, or modern opera, are appreciated, especially in Germany, but by no means sufficiently so, because they date from the same period as Mozart's transformation of opera, which transformation came more directly under the notice of the Germans, and, indeed, was of such overpowering geniality that naught else could interest them—at least, if they were competent judges. People still talked and wrote a great deal about Gluck, and the principles he laid down for the musical drama, but, meanwhile they forgot that Cherubini effected just as much as Gluck, the blending of the music with the poetry, and the characteristic representation of the dramatic situation, though with far greater richness of musical fancy, since he employed in his harmonic combinations a much richer store of instrumental resources and knowledge, and raised the music above the nervous interpretation of the words, without sacrificing the psychical truth of expression in the melody. At the same time, he developed the received forms, and created, especially for the so-called concerted pieces, perfectly new ones, distinguished for a scope never before known, and for an amount of work previously unattempted. Such a finale as that in the second act of *Lodoiska*, and that in *Les deux Journées*, was without parallel upon the French operatic stage; and if Spontini subsequently surpassed Cherubini in these points, he enjoyed the advantage of Mozart's great example, which he was enabled to follow, while it was impossible, as we have already proved historically, that Cherubini could have known anything about Mozart's *chefs-d'œuvre*, when composing *Lodoiska*, *Medea*, *Elisa*, and *Les deux Journées*.

That he afterwards deeply respected and revered Mozart is certain. He was the first to introduce that master's *Requiem* to the notice of the Parisian public (in 1805). "Despite the disinclinations of the Parisians for German music," said German papers of the period, "and, despite the repugnance of Parisian artists to such a difficult performance, Cherubini's zeal and love for this work of Mozart enabled him to get it performed by 200 of the best singers and instrumentalists, and performed, too, in such a manner that, on the very same day, he received a request to repeat it. As a mere musical work, unassisted by any of the brilliant adjuncts of the stage, it had produced a deep impression on the Parisians." Gerber, from whom we take the above, adds in his new *Lexicon der Tonkünstler* (vol. 1, p. 698), that Prince Esterhazy, on leaving Paris in 1810, after having resided there several years, sent Cherubini a ring worth 4000 dollars.

The worthy Gerber makes an interesting confession, by the way, as to how much Cherubini was in advance of his age. After relating, under the heading "Cherubini," the observations of Joseph II. and Napoleon on the music of Mozart and Cherubini, with respect to the "too many notes," he continues thus:—

"When such could be the opinion of two of the most accomplished *dilettanti* (Napoleon, as we all know, had no right to the title) in Vienna and Paris, what can be the opinion of others in places where art is immeasurably less flourishing and less practised? Unfortunately, I fear that, with the extraordinary progress of instrumental compositions, this would at present be the unanimous opinion of the majority of *dilettanti* on hearing such music, supposing them capable of saying what they thought with the freedom of a Joseph II. or a Bonaparte. For how is it, how can it be possible for them, unprepared, to follow the artist in the expression of his multifarious ideas entwined into a whole? Who will choose, and who will be ready, to thank him for the great but unappreciated art he has employed? We feel

inclined to exclaim to composers:—"Even though ye should turn again and become as children, ye will not," &c.—It is the same over-tension, the same relation which the new-fashioned theology and philosophy of the professors in our academies bear to the ideas and powers of comprehension of the rest of the world!"

And yet the same man says of Beethoven (1810):—

"How desirable is it that the health and life of this extraordinary artist should be spared, in order that we may be enabled to gain from his great and lofty genius still much more that is rare, admirable, and tending to perfect art itself. It is a pity that, in most of his works, his genius inclines to seriousness and melancholy; sentiments, on account of the misfortunes of the period, only too predominant in his German fellows! Happily, the encouraging and joyous spirit of Haydn still exists among us in his works, and by their means we may still be enabled to recover a more happy frame of mind."

Now, Cherubini was also acquainted with Haydn's symphonies, which he appreciated most highly. According to a statement of Reichardt, in the *Briefe aus Paris*, these symphonies were the cause of the greater breadth and depth of Cherubini's style. Cherubini proved how great was the veneration he entertained for Haydn by the answer he gave his friends when they urged him to dedicate the score of *Les deux Journées* to the old composer: "No; as yet I have written nothing worthy of such a master." No one will now reproach him, as the critics of the time reproached him, with his music being too learned; on the contrary, it must be admitted that his most recondite polyphonies and contrapuntal combinations are invariably clear and transparent. That the French could not appreciate his style of melody, and that his tunes, with a few exceptions, among which is the first romance of the water-carrier in *Les deux Journées*, never became popular, was really no fault of his. The melody with him is not only beautiful and noble, but appears in new forms. Fétis himself, whom no one, certainly, will accuse of injustice to the French, says:—

"There is a copiousness of melody in Cherubini, especially in *Les deux Journées*, but the richness of the accompanying harmony, the brilliant coloring of the instrumentation, and the inability of the public of the period to appreciate the combination of such beauties, were so great, that the real worth of the melody was not at all understood; thus it was lost sight of beneath all those things for which the French possessed no intelligence. Their critics and biographers, who do not know what they are saying, accuse Cherubini's melodies of want of originality, while originality is precisely one of their most marked characteristics, since, with all their charm, they are perfectly new and unusual in form. There would be more justice in accusing him of not having always been guided by a perception of what was requisite for the stage. His first idea is almost invariably a happy one, but his partiality to give his notions greater breadth, by working them out, often causes him to forget the exigencies of the dramatic action; the outline becomes too extended as he is writing; he is too much taken up and carried away by musical considerations, and the consequence is that the situation sometimes suffers. Too elaborate development injures the animated progress of the action."

As is well known, the musical epoch of the nineteenth century began in the last ten years of the eighteenth. First and foremost, Mozart, then Haydn, in his last twelve symphonies and the *Creation*, Winter, and among the Italians, Piccini, Salieri, Cimarosa and Paisiello, contributed their most valuable treasures, while Cherubini, in his *Lodoiska* and *Medea*, and Beethoven in his earlier works, came forward as the representatives of the new period. The above-named Italians, to whom were added, after 1800, Simon Mayr, Paer, etc., rifled the inheritance left by Mozart, but they were deficient in the sacred fire bestowed from above. Even the patronage of the mighty ones of this world, especially of Napoleon, and the petty courts of Germany, could not save them from perishing. Oulibicheff describes most correctly, in the introduction to his last work, the two overpowering circumstances which, in the first few years of the present century, proved the ruin of Italian music:—

"In the first place, Mozart's operas, at the commencement little understood in Germany, and as good as unknown in the rest of Europe, began, with the new century, to become national works among the Germans; while they were spreading in Russia, France, and other countries, there was light in the world of music. The man of all times, of all places, of all nations, became also the man of the day, the fashionable composer—an honor which did not fall to his lot till some fifteen years after his death, and which he was not destined to enjoy long. We can easily understand how much this popularity of Mozart, after his decease, must have thrown the Italian masters of the transition period into the background. But there was another rival element still more terrible and destructive to them, namely, the contemporaneous rise of the true dramatic music of the nineteenth century, the music founded by the great masters of the French school—Cherubini, Méhul, and Spontini. What could composers who continued to work according to a worn-out system do against such works as *Lodoiska*, *Les deux Journées*, *Faniska*, *Joseph*, and *Die Vestalin*, which Europe received with enthusiasm, and in which it instantly recognized itself? Even France, which gave the first impulse to the nascent century, was naturally the first to find in music expressions and forms for the storm-loaded time it had produced. Music mirrors the state of men's souls, just as literature reflects a people's mind. If, on the one hand, Gluck's calm and plastic grandeur, and, on the other, the tender and voluptuous charm of the melodies of Piccini and Zaccini had suited the circumstances of a state of society nourished with classical exhibitions, and sunk in luxury and gallantry, nothing of all this could satisfy a society shaken to the very foundations of its faith and its organization. The whole of the dramatic music of the eighteenth century must naturally have appeared cold and languid to men whose minds were so moved with troubles and wars, and even at the present day, the word 'languor' will, perhaps, best express generally that which no longer touches us in the operas of the last century, without quite excepting even Mozart himself. What we require for the pictures of dramatic music is larger frames, including more figures, more passionate and more moving song, more sharply marked rhythms, greater fullness in the vocal masses, and more sonorous brilliancy in the instrumentation. All these qualities are to be found in *Lodoiska* and *Les deux Journées*, and Cherubini may be regarded not only as the founder of modern French opera, but also as that musician who, after Mozart, has exerted the greatest influence on the general tendency of art. An Italian by birth, and the excellence of his education, which was conducted by Sarti, the great teacher of composition, a German by his musical sympathies, as well as the variety and profundity of his knowledge, and a Frenchman by the school and principles to which we owe his finest dramatic works, Cherubini strikes me as being the most accomplished musician, if not the greatest genius of the nineteenth century. The overtures of *Lodoiska*, *Les deux Journées*, *Faniska*, and *Medea*, to which we must add Méhul's *Chasse du Jeune Henri*, models of our modern instrumental music, so picturesque, so poetic, and so full of warmth and effect, and which Beethoven, Weber, and Mendelssohn were destined subsequently to elevate and bring to perfection. Haydn and Beethoven acknowledged Cherubini to be the first of dramatic composers. But such masterpieces, to be fully understood and enjoyed, demanded musical education, and an intelligent audience, and, as a natural consequence, could produce no impression on the masses."

In conclusion, we may add a few anecdotes, gathered from a friendly source, and more or less characteristic of Cherubini. In the after dinner conversation at the Tuileries, the exact words of Napoleon, when finding fault with the orchestra for being too loud in Cherubini's operas, were: "*Il y a trop d'accompagnement*." Cherubini did not forget this, and when several years later (in 1805), the Emperor spoke to him at Schönbrunn, about the opera of *Faniska*, the composer observed:—"Sire, cet opéra ne vous plaira pas."—"Eh, pourquoi non?"—"C'est qu'il y a trop d'accompagnement." A musician, speaking to him about H. B.* in Paris, said, among other things: "*B. me dit qu'il n'aime pas la fugue*."—"C'est que la fugue ne l'aime pas," was Cherubini's dry rejoinder. One evening he was present at the first representation of an opera written by one of his best pupils,† who was in the same box as himself. Cherubini not having uttered a word, the composer at length exclaiming: "*Mon cher maître, voilà deux heurs que nous*

écoutons, et vous ne me dites pas un mot."—"Mais vous ne me dites rien nonplus,"—said the unbending master. (Translated from the "*Nieder-rheinische Musik-Zeitung*," for the "*London Musical World*," by J. V. BRIDGEMAN.)

*Hector Berlioz.

†Halévy.

(To be continued.)

Mons. Calzado.

(From "Spiridon's" letter from Paris to the Evening Gazette.)

The manager of the Italian Opera has published the programme of the coming season, which will have been begun by the time you receive this letter. It has not commanded satisfaction, for the list of artists is anything but the best that can be made in the present state of the musical market, and we are not people to content ourselves with second best artists.

Mons. Fiorentino gives so amusing a sketch of the Italian Opera here, you must let me translate it:—"Mons. Calzado is a lucky fellow. He was on the eve of building a new theatre which would contain nothing but first tiers—two hundred and fifty boxes on the first tier—subscribers to the Italian opera doesn't care for any boxes except those on the first tier. He had selected a site for his opera-house. It was on the Boulevard Malesherbes, and it was said that workmen had already begun to labor on it. I did not see them. Had the new opera-house been built there, it would have been next door to a church. Sacred and profane things should not be mixed together. In some Italian towns this proximity is disagreeable. The manager is obliged to be on the best of terms with the headle, either giving him a pretty pension or as many opera tickets as he wants; if he does not, on the eve of great festivals, just when the curtain rises, the chimes begin and the bells peal as loudly as possible for two hours together. What tenor's voice can strive with these iron tongues,—where can we find the Cruvelli who can enter the lists with the big bell of Notre Dame? Mons. Calzado is a lucky fellow. The very day he gave up building a new opera-house he heard the Salle Ventadour was on sale. (You are to know that Mons. Calzado is the manager of our Italian opera, and that the Salle Ventadour is the Italian opera-house). He went to the auction room and bid with heroic obstinacy. Mons. de Saint Salvi, who was as obstinate as his tenant, bid too. One million, two millions, twenty-five hundred thousand, twenty-six hundred thousand, twenty-seven hundred thousand; both were determined not to bid higher than two million, nine hundred and eighty thousand francs. Mons. de Saint Salvi forgot himself and bid two thousand francs over. Mons. Calzado was about to bid again, but his partners pulled him by the coat-tail and he barely escaped bidding. Am I not right to say that Mons. Calzado is the luckiest of men? At the legal, lowest rate of interest he ought to pay \$30,000 a year rent; he only pays \$28,000, and he is free of all those taxes and charges which most annoyed him. He is sole master of his opera-house. No shareholders have free tickets or boxes or stalls. He will have no more lawsuits, no more witnesses. He will have the peace, the calm and the quiet of the golden age! While all this was arranged to the entire satisfaction of Mons. Calzado, numerous candidates, sure that he was already kicked out of doors, were begging for his place. Some offered to take the opera with \$10,000 annual subsidy from the government,—others with no subsidy,—others again offered to subsidize the government. Mons. Calzado laughed in his sleeve at all these intrigues, and to strip his rivals of every means of success and of all desire to enter the list against him, he engaged for five or six years every singer and songstress to be found on the face of the earth. His friends said to him, "You don't want so many singers and songstresses." He replied, "I don't engage them because I want them, but to prevent other people from getting them."—Such is the way Mons. Calzado, the luckiest of managers, happens to be at the head of one of the most numerous opera companies ever collected in any theatre.

T'other day he passed this formidable army in review, and I am able here to mention the preliminaries of the coming campaign, 1862-63. The company was formed in a square. Mons. Calzado stood in the middle and spoke as becomes a skilful general well satisfied with himself. "Mademoiselle Battu," said he, "come up. You are at the head of the programme, but by alphabetical order—don't forget that. I don't pretend to deny your merits. You are young. You have talents. Be modest. Remember that if your name began with a Z,—if you were Mlle. Zoe, or Mlle. Zulman, or Mlle. Zina,—you

No. 29

THY REBUKE HATH BROKEN HIS HEART.

Psalm lxi, v. 20.

RECIT.
TENOR VOICE.

Thy re - buke hath bro - ken his heart; he is full of

LARGO.

p

8

hea - vi - ness; he is full of hea - vi - ness; Thy re - buke hath bro - ken his heart;

he look - ed for some to have pi - ty on him, but there was no man; nei - ther found he

a - ny to com - fort him, He look - ed for some to have pi - ty on him,

but there was no man, nei - ther found he a - ny to com - fort him.

No. 30. BEHOLD AND SEE IF THERE BE ANY SORROW.

Lamentations, i. v. 12.

AIR.
TENOR VOICE.

LARGO.

♩ = .66

Be-hold and see, be-hold and see, if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow

Be-hold and see, if there be a-ny sor-row like unto his sor-row. Re-

- hold and see, if there be a-ny sor-row like... un-to his sor-row.

p *mp* *mf* *p*

No. 31. HE WAS CUT OFF OUT OF THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

Isaiah, liii. v. 8.

RECIT.
TREBLE VOICE.

ACCOMP.

He was cut off out of the land of the liv-ing;

for the trans-gres-sions of thy peo-ple was he strick-en.

p

No. 32. BUT THOU DIDST NOT LEAVE HIS SOUL IN HELL.

Psalm xvi. v. 10.

AIR.
TREBLE VOICE.

ANDANTE
LARGHETTO.
♩ = 68

But thou didst not leave his soul in hell, But

thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor didst thou suffer, nor didst thou suf - fer thy

Ho - ly One to see corruption. But

thou didst not leave his soul in hell, thou didst not leave, thou didst not leave his

soul in hell, nor didst thou suf-fer thy Ho - ly One to see corruption,

Cres. *p*

nor didst thou suf-fer, nor didst thou suf-fer thy Ho - ly One to

see cor - rup - tion, nor didst thou suffer, nor didst thou suf-fer thy

Cres. *p*

Ho - ly One, thy Ho - ly One to see corrup - tion.

mf

would be the last, instead of being the first, on the playbills. This said, tell me now what parts do you intend to play this year? There are a great many ladies, both married and single, here, each more illustrious and more charming than the other. I have assembled you here before the commencement of the season in order to avoid all conflict and all quarrelling between you and to endeavor to come to an amicable settlement of all questions which arise out of the future." Mademoiselle Battu replied: "Monsieur, I begin by thanking the alphabet which allows me to stand at the head of the programme, and as I am the first who is questioned, I shall modestly reply as becomes my youth and inexperience. I see the embarrassment which perplexes you: we are fifteen *prime donne*, to say nothing of the basses, tenors and baritones. I am conscious that my duty is to limit my ambition. Therefore I shall only sing this year *Rigoletto*, *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Pasquale*, *Zerlina*, *La Serva Padrona*, *La Traviata*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Così Fan Tutte*, *Il Ballo*, *Marta*, *Stradella*—“Excellent well. I see you are extremely discreet. I hope you are well, Madame Frezzolini; pray what part do you wish to appear in?” “Monsieur, to please you, I will sing *Rigoletto*, *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Pasquale*, *Zerlina*, *La Serva Padrona*, *La Traviata*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Così Fan Tutte*, *Il Ballo*, *Marta*, *Stradella*; but the parts which suit best with me are the great dramatic parts; therefore I pray you to allow me to make my first appearance in *Norma*, or in *Semiramide*, or *Poliuto*, or *Les Horaces*, or *I Lombardi*: in fine, in some opera which requires a great deal of voice, a great deal of strength and a great deal of energy.”

“That is really what I call talking! And pray, Mademoiselle Guerra, what are your wishes?” “Exactly the same as those expressed by Mlle. Battu and Mme. Frezzolini. I select all the parts which are mentioned on the programme and all which may be added to it. If you tell me that I am young, I answer it is true; but I have proved myself to be a good songstress as well as those ladies. I see no good reason why I should not advance the same pretensions they make. I’ll make my first appearance in any opera you choose, provided you choose *Rigoletto* or *La Traviata*.” I have reserved for you a chorus in *Norma*, which is written expressly for you.” “What chorus?” “The chorus beginning *Guerra, guerra*; as it is dedicated to you these ladies will not touch it. Come up, Mademoiselle Saint Urban, and tell us what you wish to sing this winter?” “Spare me, Monsieur, a painful explanation. When you re-engaged me I could not suspect that you would re-engage at the same time Mlle. Battu and Mme. Frezzolini. I shall not say that it is treachery to me, but it is doubling, tripling the parts. If these ladies take my parts, what will I have?” “My esteem.” “That is something,—that is a great deal; but in what opera shall I make my first appearance?” “We’ll see about that, we’ll see about that; I’ll manage it; leave that to me. As for you, Madame Volpini.” “Oh, as for me, I am your very humble servant and your very obliged fellow-countrywoman. As the Italian operas are all monopolized by my comrades, I shall sing Spanish operas, if you will allow me.” “What do you think, Madame Penco?” I sought to have begun with you, but this infernal alphabetical order which I was obliged to adopt in order to avoid wounding the vanity of your comrades, has made me appear wanting in the attention I owe you. You are ‘the star’ of my theatre; I shall always remember it, Madame Penco, despite the little jars which may have made our relations lukewarm.” “You are very kind, my dear manager. You know that it is expressly stipulated in my engagement *per patto di scrittura* that nobody can touch my roles except with my permission. You pay me a great deal of money, and that very punctually, it is but justice to say so. Therefore you need not have taken the trouble to disarrange these ladies. But as you are rich enough to enjoy the luxury of possessing fifteen *prime donne* who are absolutely useless to you, the best thing you can do is to ask Rossini, Verdi, or Mercadante (blind as he is) to write a new opera for you with parts for fifteen *prime donne*. As for myself, I will sing if you wish me to sing; but if you have no use for me (which heaven send) I shall prolong my stay at Enchien, which I find a delightful residence.” “Now that we have all the soprani on excellent terms, let us see what the contralti have to say for themselves.

“May I care, Countess—?” “Don’t be calling me a contralto, if you please,” answered Mme. Alboni, in her most delightful voice. “I am no longer a contralto. I refuse to be a contralto. I sang last year *Anna Bolena*, I sang before it *La Gazza Ladra*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Nina Pazzo Per Amore*. By transposing some pieces I can sing this year the

soprani, *Lucia*, *I Puritani*, *Rigoletto*.” “*Rigoletto*!” You play *Rigoletto*, Mme. Alboni! Wearing thick boots to boot! eh?” “Thick boots to boot, or thin boots to boot, that is nothing; masculine attire suits me admirably.” “If Madame Alboni takes the boney parts,” exclaimed thin Mlle. Trebelli, “I’ll take the thick parts.” “And I,” exclaimed Mlle. Mariotti, “I’ll take the parts streaked with fat and lean, as I am neither fat nor lean.” “Why! why! why! what dear delightful, charming creatures you are,” exclaimed Mons. Calzado, rubbing his hands, “how easy you make my managerial career. I expected no less from your well-known good nature. Tomorrow I shall review my tenors, my baritones and my buffi; if they are half as conciliatory as my *prime donne*, we shall have nothing to fear. Call Mario!” “Mario! Mario! Mario!” Silence reigned. At last a friend of the celebrated tenor stepped forth from the ranks and said: “Monsieur Mario will not make his appearance. He is busy cheapening a magnificent Murillo for his villa near Florence. He has no desire to sing at the Italian Opera this winter. He does not care for money, and he is satiated with glory.” “But! but! but!” said Mons. Calzado, scratching his ear, “some subscribers cannot live unless they see his name on the bills.” “In that case, and solely to oblige you and to gratify those subscribers, Monsieur Mario is good enough to be willing to consent to enter into an engagement for another season, but he cannot take less than 18,000f. per month.” “Eighteen thousand francs! Why, last year he only asked 15,000f.” “True enough, but you forget that he had more voice last year than he has this year. His organ is sensibly decaying. The rarer a thing is, the higher is the price it commands.” “Eighteen thousand francs! W-h-e-w! Gracious! That’s enormous!” “You had better be in a hurry to accept it; for next year he will not have a single note left, and then you will be obliged to give him 20,000f. a month.”

Isn’t that a lively picture of the green-room of an opera house! Are not the pretensions of a puny, incomplete creature like Mlle. Battu, and of a decayed, voiceless, feverish songstress like Mme. Frezzolini, and the leonine grasping of Mme. Penco, and Mme. Alboni’s ambitious unconsciousness of the degree her obesity has attained, capably depicted? I hope you may laugh over the scene as much as we did here, as you ought to do, as you are quite as familiar as we with all the dramatis personæ, except Mlle. Battu.

For Dwight’s Journal of Music.

Curiosities of Criticism.

NO. VIII.

WAGNER AND THE CRITICS.

My dear Journal,

I lately observed in some paper or other, a labored and learned attempt to prove that Wagner must be a barefaced pretender because of the resemblance between his theories and those upon which Lulli constructed his operas. Would it not have been a good idea for the gentleman in question to have one of old Lulli’s works revived (*exactly as they used to be played* at Versailles, under the quasi direction of Louis Quatorze himself), and then immediately to produce *Tannhäuser*, so that the public might the easier observe the points of resemblance. Even so? I should accuse Stephenson’s double cylindered tubular-boilered locomotive of being an infringement upon old Newcomen’s pumping machine, which made one stroke in about every five minutes! for didn’t they both go by steam?

In some remarks about Wagner (for unfortunately I have not yet done with M. Scudo) there occurs the following:—“When Wagner has ideas, which is a rare thing, he is far from being original; when he has none, he is unique and impossible.”

And yet in the same article is the irreconcilable assurance that: “One feels from the first that Wagner is a confused mind, grasping more than he can hold.”

Now if his mind “grasps more than it can hold,” one would naturally think that the matter grasped ought (psychologically at least) to be ideas, and yet these are almost denied him! Will M. Scudo kindly tell us what Wagner’s mind does grasp? Is it yellow kids, or rouge et noir, or pâtés de foies-gras? or is it the pretty feet and ankles of charming figu-

rantes? Not this last, I should judge, from the unwillingness with which he introduced the meaningless and obtrusive *ballet* in the *Tannhäuser*, on its Parisian representation! What then is it? Does that solemn and noble, soulful and religion-breathing *Pilgrim Chant*, with which the overture opens, evince a lack of “ideas?”



And mark its treatment in that sublime score.—Does it evince a lack of that precious knowledge of the “known rules of Art?” Yet what does M. Scudo call the final embodiment of the theme, which forms the glorious culmination of this wonderful overture? Has any one done such a thing before, as that mighty stream of brazen melody through the dense and almost overwhelming avalanche of chromatic instrumentation? If so, who is it? Liszt has done it *after* him in his *Preludes*; but then how vast the difference in the *ideas* of the *motivo*! (M. Scudo to the contrary notwithstanding!) This by him is termed “one interminable phrase, traced by the violins, which lasts through more than a hundred measures. Upon this persistent trait, the wind instruments, particularly the trombones, fling out a sort of accentuated clamor, which forms the peroration.”

“Accentuated clamor.” Good Heavens! I could pity the barbarianism of this heathenish critic, did I not more than suspect his Gallic malice and inexorable besotted prejudice.

Is it not also curious that he has not mentioned the now celebrated *Romance* (for *Tannhäuser*, in his summing up of those few points the least to be laughed at in the whole opera?



What can be more melodious, smooth and despairingly love-lorn? and what more original. The pulsating *gondellied* accompaniment calls for special consideration as a peculiarly beautiful feature of this exquisite *moreau*; and as for the concluding modulations in a chromatic ascension, gaining more fervid intensity with each note, it is not too much to say that for *originality* it stands alone in the range of lyric works.





These quotations being from memory, I shall not vouch for their infallible correctness, in anything but the harmonies; but can the intelligent and unprejudiced reader (to whom alone I appeal), fail to observe the beauty of this creation, in which one is brought safely out again on to the "dry land" of the key-note without knowing it, and yet by means so legitimate and fascinating when once traced throughout?

People and critics cavil unceasingly at what they choose to call scientific beauty in music, and which they can neither understand nor appreciate; but nothing can be less sensible. I have long thought that music-lovers might be classed under two grand heads, namely: those who can "take in" the meaning and use of chromatics, and those to whom semitones are "as foolishness." This latter class is an astonishingly extensive one. To them belong the congregation of a certain church, who calmly stand and hear "Coronation" sung (in the second part that intensely "Methody" tune) as follows:



I would that there were a way of italicizing music, for then would I have the *C natural* so printed; but my horrified reader is besought by no means to make it sharp, for then all the point of the quotation will be lost.

It is a positive truth that the ability to appreciate chromatic harmony is very rare even among musicians. Amateurs constantly repeat the sickening whine of "Give me some sweet, plaintive, simple melody." It may be sweet and plaintive, but must be simple. To my mind (although I by no means hold that it must necessarily be sweet, or even good because chromatic), the analogy is complete between such tastes in music and those in literature. A child in education wishes some simple story book or other to interest him, while a scholar or one of maturity, of a properly balanced education, becomes passionately fond of Milton, Spenser, or perhaps, even Spinoza or Cousin. The child "despises" such books because "there is no story in them;" even so do children in Art affect a contemptuous estimation of the grand creations of the great tone-poets, because "there is (at least to them) no *toon* to them!"

But if we do not submissively bow to the dictum of the literary child, why should we do so to the other? When will these two-legged jackasses learn to keep in mind the fact that music is a clear and distinct language, and as such can only be understood by the favored few? A white man in Indian captivity may hear his death-warrant read, and may laugh at the uncouth sounds of the barbarian lingo, and perhaps call it "gibberish," but when the war-whoop and scalping-knife follow up that "gibberish" soon after, he is, perhaps suddenly brought to imagine that there was some meaning in it after all.

It is just so with the effects of certain kinds of music upon differently constituted and differently educated people. Hardly any two agree on the same performance; but I deny in toto the right of any one to condemn, in unmeasured terms, any new musical work, merely because it does not suit him; always provided the work under consideration is not entirely despicable when judged by the rules of liberal Art.

Where is the use of such treatment of composers? One may strut about for a few miserable months or even years, in the self-congratulatory atmosphere of his own fancied infallibility, but time must reduce or elevate all intellectual creations, whether literary or artistic, to their proper level; and since history has shown such numerous instances of false and erroneous first impressions proven by a subsequent popularity of the very works they damned at first, where is the use of any critic, who cherishes any regard for his own reputation in the long run,—where is the use, I ask, of his running so fearful a risk of ultimate stultification in the eyes of the present public, or of posterity?

TIMOTHY TRILL.

P. S. I would thank the Editor for pointing out an error in the following passage in my last article: "Has not Beethoven in his *Missa Solemnis* prayed God to give rest to the departed with trumpets and drums?" An omission in my manuscript, hastily written, will account for it. The passage should read thus: "Has not Beethoven in the '*Dona nobis*' of his *Missa Solemnis* prayed God for peace with trumpets and drums? And has not Berlioz in his *Requiem* prayed for rest for the departed with the great trumpet? Does not Spohr, &c.?" T. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 25, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

The Mozart Catalogue.

We alluded a short time since to the admirable "thematic catalogue" of Mozart's works, which has recently appeared in Germany. The full title is as follows:

"A chronological thematic Catalogue of WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART'S complete works; with a list of those compositions which are lost, incomplete, doubtful, or merely attributed to him. By DR. L. R. VON KOECHER. Leipzig: Breitkopf and Härtel, 1862."

It is a book of 551 pages, besides 18 pages of preface, in large quarto form, and got up in that splendid style which distinguishes the publications of Breitkopf and Härtel,—such as their noble editions of the complete works of Bach, of Handel, of Beethoven, of Palestrina, now all at once in progress.

The strange thing is that the works of the most favorite of all composers, of the man whose whole being and activity seem to have been the beau ideal of what we mean by *genius*, and comparatively so recent too, should now for the first time be catalogued with anything like accuracy and completeness. And yet not so very strange, for the very reason that he was a man of genius and a really great master. It is the little men in music, at the most the little great men, who take care to have all they manufacture catalogued and numbered. Every sixth-rate pianoforte virtuoso, who gets it into his silly head that it is necessary to his fame that he should compose, and who therefore contrives some flashy variation pieces, "fantasias," "transcriptions," or what not, just to bring in the finger-tricks and *tours de force*, which are his stock in trade; every sentimental very "minor poet" (of tones), who patches up some feeble imitation or reflection of the usual pattern of Nocturnes, Mazurkas, Songs without Words, &c., rushes to print with it, and is very sure to have the effort numbered *Opus 1* or *Opus 10*, and so on, as if there were danger that ad-

miring posterity might fight about the date and order of these precious *immortelles* hereafter.—

To-day music, like everything else, is more a trade, than in the days of Mozart. To-day every one looks out for money and for present fame, and catalogue himself as he goes on; if he can advertise his "*Op. 100*," of course he is a great man! Not so in the days when there were giants. Not so with Bach, who for each Sunday service in his Thomas Kirche created more than these men in a lifetime; nor with Handel, Haydn, Mozart.

Beethoven comes down more into the midst of our own time, after the numbering fashion, which is certainly a convenience in the case of any real man like him, had become established; but Beethoven did not number or preserve all his trifles; every true master burns or throws away far better inspirations than the best which these weak aspirants are ever blessed with.—

These great men—we have had a striking instance almost in our own day, in Schubert—composed for the very love of it, because they were full of it, aiming at the ideal in whatever kind, and tasted their reward in the work itself, possibly with some sweet, proud foretaste of an immortality, but without troubling themselves to advertise and catalogue their doings; carelessly throwing rich manuscripts aside, to float about at random, or lie in dusty cupboards, until a later age discovers them and reverently brings them to the light.

The same obscurity and vagueness, therefore, hangs over the lives and labors of the great master musicians, that hung over Shakspeare.—"Careless child of genius," men say; not that genius is in any worthy sense more careless or less conscious than minds of commoner stamp; but they are careful of the thing itself, of the right doing of it, and cannot waste thought upon avaricious advertisement of themselves. The world, however, which has been so much delighted and enriched by them, naturally wishes to know more of them, to find out all they did, to save whatever they have left from getting lost, and to distinguish once for all, if possible, what really is theirs from a hundred things of doubtful authenticity, which tradition or some resemblance in style have long confounded with theirs. Hence we have reason to be thankful to these learned German "*Forscher*" (researchers) who devote themselves so indefatigably and successfully to the historical elucidation of great composers; like Jahn, in his biography of Mozart, Chrysander in his life of Handel, and we hope ere long to be able to add to the list the fruits of our own countryman's long and conscientious accumulation of materials for a life of Beethoven. This present catalogue of Mozart's works, which the author dedicates to Professor Jahn, is in a like sense a work of great labor and value; every musical scholar, every musical library at least, ought to possess it. Not having been so fortunate thus far as to procure a copy ourselves, we borrow an abstract of its contents from the *London Musical World*.

After an ample preface, the contents of the book are divided into two parts, being very unequal in extent. The first comprises a summary of the complete compositions according to their class and number (p. 1—24); and the second, the chronological catalogue of the complete compositions (p. 25—496). In the latter lies the gist of the whole work. An appendix (p. 497—531) gives us a list of those compositions designated on the title pages as "lost," &c. The book concludes with a copious list of names and productions, and another of the words. The first summary is very judiciously compiled; indeed, the execution and arrangement of the entire book are

excellent, the ease with which every detail can be found leaving nothing to be desired. The first part, then, contains the series of completed works of each various class in continuous small numbers, as, for instance, "Masses, No. 1—20; Symphonies, No. 1—49, &c.," the themes are given only in two bars of music, with the tempo, on one system. We are referred, however, to the chronological index by a larger (thick) number before each one, thus: "*Requiem* 20, 626." Thus this first part furnishes us with an idea of Mozart's labors generally, and, at the same time, of his productions in each separate branch of his art, while the reference to the second part shows us what he did at the various periods of his life. And what a result does its summary disclose? It displays:—

I. Masses.....	20
II. Litanies, Vespers.....	8
III. Offertories, Kyries, Te Deums, &c.....	40
IV. Organ Sonatas.....	17
V. Cantatas with orchestra.....	10
VI. Operas, Theatrical Serenades, &c.....	23
VII. Airs, Trios, Choruses with orchestra.....	66
VIII. Songs with Piano.....	41
IX. Canons for 2—12 voices.....	23
X. Pianoforte Sonatas and Fantasias.....	22
XI. Pianoforte Variations.....	16
XII. Pianoforte Pieces, Rondos, &c.....	23
XIII. Pianoforte Compositions for 4 hands and 2 pianos.....	11
XIV. Pianoforte Sonatas and Variations with Violin.....	45
XV. Pianoforte Trios, Quartets, Quintets.....	11
XVI. Violin Duets and Trios.....	6
XVII. Violin Quartets (also with one wind instrument).....	32
XVIII. Violin Quintets.....	9
XIX. Symphonies.....	49
XX. Divertissements, Serenades for various instruments.....	33
XXI. Orchestral Pieces, Marches.....	27
XXII. Dances for Orchestra.....	39
XXIII. Concertos for various instruments.....	55

A total of 626 works! If we now examine the compositions,—for instance, the Masses,—by the numbers referring to the chronological catalogue, we find that No. 1 belongs to the year 1768; Nos. 2 and 3, to 1769; 4 and 5, to 1771; 6 and 7, to 1772; 8, to 1773; 9 and 10, to 1774; 11, to 1775; 12, 13, 14 and 15, to 1776; 16, to 1777; 17, to 1779; 18, to 1780; 19, to 1783; and 20 (*the Requiem*), to 1791. The continuous numbers from 1 to 626 refer to the chronological order in which the works were written, from 1761 to 1791. Next comes the description of pieces according to the voice or instrument for which it was written, thus, 550:

"Symphony for 2 violins—tenor, bass—1 flute, 2 oboes, 2 bassoons, and 2 horns. Mozart himself subsequently added 2 clarinets. Composed 25th July, 1788, in Vienna.—*Mozart's Catalogue*, 92."

Then we have the themes of each movement on two systems, in 4—6 bars, with the number of bars of each movement, according to the autographic MS., thus, in the case of this same G minor Symphony:

"1. *Allegro molto*, 299 bars.—2. *Andante*, 121 bars.—3. *Minuet, Allegro*, with Trio, 84 bars.—Finale, *Allegro ussat*, 306 bars."

At the end, are notices of the autographic MS. copies, editions, and arrangements, with remarks (historical and æsthetic, the last generally extracted from Otto Jahn.)

The reader will now be able to form a just notion of the contents of this catalogue. The first consideration before inserting each separate composition in the catalogue, was its genuineness; the second, its originality. In most cases its genuineness was proved by the existing autographic MSS. and Mozart's autographic catalogue, as well as by editions published under his own eye. When these were not to be found, the material reasons for belief in the authenticity of the work are given, though, of course, they had to be corroborated by internal evidence. Whatever was open to doubt has been cleared under the head of "doubtful," or "imputed." The term "complete," that is to say, finished, compositions, must not be taken in its strictest sense. Among these—and, most assuredly, with justice,—are included works of which Mozart wrote the principal portions, although he never put the finishing touch to them. In every such case it is carefully remarked how much of them is Mozart's own. The greatest difficulty occurred in deciding the chronological order of the various compositions. The certain authorities for this were Mozart's own notes; first, in the autographic catalogue of his works, from the 9th Hornung (February), 1784, to the 15th November, 1791, published by A. André in 1805, and, corrected,

by Offenbach, at Johann André's in 1828; secondly, Mozart's autographic headings upon the existing original MSS., the unrestricted use of which was most cheerfully accorded to the author by Herr Julius André; and, thirdly, the correspondence of the Mozart family, with announcements, &c., in the publications of the period, as well as similar notices, scattered here and there, although it is true, these are not entirely to be relied on.

In spite of the numerous authenticated dates, fortunately abundant, there remained a considerable number of compositions for which more uncertain evidence, such as, materially, the character of the handwriting, and, internally, the tenor and style of the work, had to be taken into account. How this has been done, we will allow the author himself to explain:

"It appeared advisable to adopt five periods, of which, in order of time, we possess strictly marked characteristic pieces. I. Period 1761-1767, Boyish Essays (symphonies, concertos, pianoforte pieces). II. 1768-1773, Mozart, the Youth (*La Finta Semplice—Mitridate—Ascanio—Il Sogno di Scipione—Litanies, Masses*). III. 1774-1780, The Young Man (*La Finta Giardiniera—Il Re Pastore—Miserere—cordias*). IV. 1781-1784, The Mature Man (*Idomeneo, Die Entführung*). V. 1785-1791, The Master's Prime (*Haydn-Quartets—Figaro—Don Juan—Cosi fan Tutte—Die Zauberflöte—Titus—C major symphony—Requiem*)."

A highly interesting portion of the book, as relating to the amount of work performed by Mozart, is the catalogue of existing compositions only commenced. This catalogue is based mostly on autographic MSS. That, however, such is invariably the case, as stated in the preface, p. xvii., is not borne out by the catalogue itself, since many pieces are mentioned, on the authority of Nissen, Jahn, &c., with the addition: "Autographic MS. unknown." Among these pieces are the beginnings of twelve masses, or other church-compositions; five airs; thirty-nine sonatas, rondos, duets, trios, and concertos for the piano; twenty-four trios and quartets for stringed instruments; eight for wind instruments; and ten for symphonic movements. Most of the uncompleted autographic MSS. are preserved in the Mozarteum, Salzburg. The catalogue of the doubtful compositions comprises forty-six pieces, but many of these, as for instance ten symphonies, have never been published, and only their themes are known. Among the more important works in this class are the two masses in C major and Eb major, included in J. Novello's London edition, the pianoforte Sonata in C minor, published as Op. 47, &c.—Sixty-two compositions are given as suppositions. In addition to four masses (that in G, published as No. 7, by Simrock, Leipzig, as No. 12, by J. Novello—that in Bb, Peters, Leipzig, No. 7, J. Novello—and two "miss. brev." in C and G), there are a great many songs. The great merit of the book consists in its arrangement, which is admirably adapted to facilitate reference. Whether its compass might not have been reduced, and, consequently, its price diminished, is another question; both these objects might have been attained by the omission of the very numerous quotations from Otto Jahn's *Mozart*. Instead of the quotations, a mere reference to the work would have answered all the purpose. There are not many new observations. At p. 421 there is a statement of the price paid by Mad. Viardot to J. André's heirs for the autographic MS. of *Don Juan*—180 pounds sterling. This supplies a deficiency in Jahn, vol. IV., p. 363.

MR. J. K. PAINE'S ORGAN CONCERT, at the West Church (Dr. Bartol's) in Cambridge Street, this afternoon, is alike worthy of the attention of the truest music-lovers and of the humane and patriotic. Every ticket bought will aid the labors of the Sanitary Commission, while it will give the buyer an hour or two with old Sebastian Bach and other masters of the real Organ music. We have had no such interpreter of Bach on the Organ here before, as this young countryman of our's. It is as good as an hour with Shakspeare, or with Raphael, or before one of the grand old Gothic Cathedrals, to sit and really enter into the spirit of Bach's music; but how very rare our opportunities of coming near to him! Let us make sure of this one. Mr. Paine will play:

1. Toccata in D minor.....Bach
2. Variations on a Choral....."
3. Trio Sonata (E minor), for 2 keyboards and pedals.....Bach
4. Toccata in F....."
5. Concert Variations: "Old Hundred.".....J. K. Paine
6. a. Andante.....Fischer
6. b. Allegretto.....Mendelssohn
7. Illustration: Longfellow's "Song of the Silent Land".....Paine
8. Star-splangled Banner....."

ANOTHER PATRIOTIC CONCERT will take place this evening, on a grand scale, in the Boston Music Hall. It is given by the Handel and Haydn Society, in compliment to their late President, Colonel THOMAS E. CHICKERING, and in aid of a fund for the fine regiment (the 41st), which he is soon to lead out in defence of country and free institutions. This regiment has not, like others, received help from private sources; and everybody, certainly every musical person, must take an interest in it and its popular commander. Besides the great Chorus of the Society, the full Philharmonic Orchestra and all the Military Bands of the city will perform, heartily uniting in this testimonial.

IMPROVEMENT IN HARMONIUMS.—For some years the best thing produced among the various forms of reed organ, Melodeons, &c., has been the "Harmonium" made by Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, of this city. Besides the beauty and great power of tone for so small an instrument, furnishing the greatest amount of organ tone for the smallest price, it has had the advantage of a double bellows, acted upon by two blow-pedals. They have now added to the resources of the instrument a new one, wonderfully effective and wonderfully simple, which they call the "Automatic Bellows Swell." It is in fact a contrivance for swelling and diminishing the sound at pleasure, without the aid of a separate swell pedal, but simply by the same action of the feet which works the bellows by the blow pedals. With a little practice it operates to a charm, and the swell and "dying fall" of harmonies become as obedient to the performer's will and feeling, as if the reeds were set to vibrating by his own breath.

The Berlin correspondent of the *London Musical World* says:

You may remember that, last week, when speaking of the *debut*, at the Royal Opera House, of a lady named Mad. Richter, I forecast her failure. I am sorry to say that I was right, and that my prediction has been verified by the result. As Rezia, in *Oberon*, and Lucrezia Borgia, in Donizetti's opera of the same name, Mad. Richter was not more successful than in the previous parts she had sung here.—Her vocal and dramatic deficiencies appeared to increase in number at every performance. There is a long and arduous course of study before her, ere she can expect to occupy an important position at the first class theatre. She was particularly weak in the first act of *Oberon*. Her vocal powers struck me as totally unequal to the grand air of the second act, while her dramatic impersonation of the part was unimpassioned, and her conception of it obscure.—She was least unsuccessful in the "F minor cavatina," in the third act. After what I have said, you will easily believe that Mad. Richter did not escape from the minds of the audience the performances of her fair predecessors as the famous, or rather infamous, Duchess of Ferrara. She wanted force, vigor, vocal finish, and indeed, almost every requisite. In Weber's *chef d'œuvre*, Herr Wowsorsky was especially good as Huon. He gave all the really difficult, and by no means thankful, music—I mean thankful as far as regards the singer—with great judgment, consummate clearness, and excellent effect. His acting and appearance were far from diminishing the favorable impression produced by his singing. Mlle. Mik was highly entertaining as the waiting-woman, Fatima, and infused a vast deal of quiet humor into the part. She is rapidly rising into public favor, and realizing the good opinions formed of her. Herr Krause, as Sherasmin, and Herr Krüger, as Oberon, the fairy king, contributed their full share to the dramatic and vocal success of the performance. In *Lucrezia Borgia*, I cannot conscientiously affirm that Herr Wowsorsky was as much at home as in *Oberon*.

Madame Csillag, the celebrated prima donna, has accepted an engagement to sing in Barcelona during December, January, and February, in consideration of which she will receive the sum of sixty thousand francs.

The sisters Marchisio are to appear in Rome during December, and are to sing, for the first time in Italy, Verdi's new opera entitled "*La Forza del Destino*," which has been written for St. Petersburg.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, OCT. 21.—After the pretty, but "clap-trap" music of the "Daughter of the Regiment"—after the tame, wishy-washy melodies of "Stradella"—which opera, to our thinking, has nothing redeeming about it, save the two mild and comic Bravos, who are perpetually hiding in corners where it is a visible impossibility that they should not be seen, and appearing in places where they are very much out of place, but whom one is so glad to see, in the hope of a short respite from sentimental love-songs, that one pardons the improbability of their appearance;—after these, what a glorious relief have been the representations of Mozart's "*Entführung aus dem Serail*" at the German opera house! (Four evenings—October 10th, 13th, 15th, and 17th).

We can scarcely believe it possible, that this fine opera has never before been produced in America, yet such, we are told, is the fact. What has been wanting heretofore? Lack of energy on the part of musical directors, or of a proper monetary support from those who are willing to enjoy the glory, without bearing the responsibilities of what are called "patrons" (detestable title!) of music? However, it has been brought out at last. FRAUEN JOHANNSEN and ROTTER, sang Constanze and Blondchen; HERREN LOTTI and QUINT, Belmont and Pedrillo; HERR WEINLICH took the part of Osmin on the two first representations, while Mr. GRAF essayed it subsequently. It would be difficult, even on the best European stages, to fill the cast of this opera satisfactorily; each part, almost, requires an artist of first-class talent; that of Constanze a bravura singer of immense resources; and Osmin—where is an Osmin to be found? a part that requires a voice with a compass of nearly three octaves, powerful even in its upper and lower extremes, possessing great flexibility, to say nothing of the intelligence and dramatic talent necessary to personify one of the most original characters ever created by poet or composer; such a part, it is easy to surmise, has rarely been satisfactorily sustained since the days of Louis Fischer, a bass singer of the old school, with two octaves and a half of chest voice, immense force, and wonderful flexibility, for whom the part was written.

If we measure the resources of the company now gathered under Mr. ANSCHUTZ's direction, with the requirements of this opera, we find comparison unreasonable; and it would be unjust to judge the singers by a higher standard than the highest they can reach. The representations have been, on the whole, most enjoyable, and the shortcomings less than we expected; and had they been more numerous, Mozart would still have remained Mozart. There were few omissions: Constanze's slow aria in the second act, which we were sorry not to hear,—Pedrillo's somewhat too heroic air: "*Frisch zum Kampfe*," and the third aria in the part of Belmont. We had a pleasant feeling that each member of the company was trying to do his or her best; although we would suggest to the orchestra that it is not always advisable for an instrumental performer to do his *loudest*, when a singer is supposed to occupy the foreground of the tone-picture. The occasional want of delicacy in the accompaniments, and the difficulty of keeping Mr. Weinlich up to the time in the rapid movements (Osmin is elephantine, it is true; but even elephants sometimes engage in a run), were the greatest defects of the performance. And could not Mr. Lotti have infused a little more "chivalry" into the personation of Belmont? It seems impossible that any Constanze would be willing to risk the dangers of an elopement, for the sake of so very unconcerned and indifferent a lover!

We are glad to say that this opera has attracted crowded audiences; it has been warmly received, the performers recalled, and several pieces re-demanded; among them the airs sung by Blondchen, which we cannot agree with Oulibicheff in esteeming as "among the most mediocre of the Mozartean repertory," but which seem to us, if not possessing the grace and charm of Zerlina's airs in *Don Juan*, the songs of the page in *Figaro's Hochzeit*, &c., yet still endowed with something of the same enchanting character; the duo sung by the two principal characters in the last act, and the great quartet in the second, of which Otto Jahn, the most trustworthy, perhaps, of all Mozart's biographers, says: "This was the first truly dramatic ensemble piece of the German opera; in this number we find the concentration of all that Mozart accomplished for the German stage in *Die Entführung*; an entirely free use of every vocal and instrumental means for the musical expression of feeling, without being limited by other forms, save the firm laws that exist in the very nature of music and dramatic character."

What richness, what variety in the coloring of the whole opera! Blondchen's coquettishly tyrannical *naïveté*, the noble tenderness of Belmont, the quick-witted valet Pedrillo (though somewhat after the stereotyped figure in Spanish comedies), the cruel, comic, stupid, sensual colossus Osmin! And those two choruses, so truly Turkish in character, if we may trust what we know of Turkish music from the few Eastern airs that our collections possess! Only in the part of Constanze, with its heroic flights and passages in alt, has Mozart sacrificed something of truth and beauty to the prevailing taste of his time, and, as history tells us, to the great vocal abilities of the singer for whom the part was written; yet the slow movement: "*Welche Kummer herrscht*," of that terribly long aria in the second act, which movement Mad. Johannsen for some reason omitted, (the second might have been cut with more propriety) paints the supposed situation and character of Constanze with Mozart's accustomed ideality.

It would be a most interesting study to compare a hearing of this opera, with those comic operas of Rossini, "*Il Turco in Italia*," and "*L'Italiana in Algeri*," so different in character, yet in plot somewhat alike. While the kindly, earnest South-German takes the troubles and constancy of the lovers as the moving spirit of his music, the Turkish features of the story merely as accessories,—does not the genial, ardent, superficial (by comparison) Italian make these accessories the principal objects in his picture, and so vividly color them, that most of the deeper interest drops into the background?

A morning paper (the *Herald*) has made the following remarks, too palpably ignorant and ludicrous to need any comment, on this opera: "Although the music belongs to another day, and is neither rich in melody nor orchestral effects, it is interesting from the quaintness of its style." And again: "Although a curiosity in a musical sense, it justifies the composer's opinion of his own work 'that though good enough in a room, it is insignificant in the theatre.'" (!)

The Philharmonic Society gave their first rehearsal of the season, at Irving Hall, on the afternoon of October 11th, under the direction of Mr. THEODORE EISEL. The members rehearsed Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, and an overture by Hiller, entitled "*Traum in der Christnacht*." Mendelssohn's violin Concerto was to have been executed by Mr. E. MOLLENAUER; but that gentleman disappointed his audience.

A Copenhagen journal says that a great sensation is being produced in that city by a singer of the name of Nyemp, formerly a fisherman, in the character of Masaniello. A musician having accidentally discovered that the young man possessed a magnificent voice, prevailed on him to study singing, which he did for two years. The result has more than verified the anticipations of the philanthropist.

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